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TO APOLLO.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE, BY C. P. CRANCH.

FROM great Apollo's dedicated shrine
What seeks the bard to gain,
While pouring out new sacrificial wine?
Not rich Sardinian grain;
Not the sleek herds that hot Calabria yields;
Not gold, nor Indian ivory, nor fields
By Liris' silent waters washed away.
Let those to whom their fortune gives the vines
Their careful pruning-hooks upon them lay.
Let the rich merchant quaff his wines—
By Syrian traffic bought—from cups of gold.
Dear to the gods is he.
Four times a year, forsooth, he must behold—
And nothing lost to him—the Atlantic Sea.
For me, plain olives are my food,
And mallows soft, and chicory.
O thou, Latona's son, grant I may be
With health and strength endued;
With a sound mind enjoying what I own.
No base old age in me be ever known;
Nor let me lack my lyre or poet's mood.

GEORGE SAND AND FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

A STUDY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

(Continued from page 3.)

NERVOUS prostration, hallucinations, the loss of dear friends by death, the exhaustion of too severe artistic labor, combined with the late hours of Parisian society to break up Chopin's health entirely. Madame Sand vainly endeavored, by persuasion and country excursions, to tear Chopin from his piano and the over-exertion of composition. She says: "I did not dare to persist. Chopin, angry, was terrible; and as he always restrained himself with me, he seemed, at such times, to be on the point of suffocation and death. My life, active and successful on the surface, had become inwardly more painful than ever. I began to despair of ever being able to bestow on others the happiness I had long ago renounced for myself, for I had many reasons for profound sadness. Chopin's friendship had never been a support or a refuge for me; my son Maurice was my real source of strength, for he was now old enough to understand the serious interests of life, while he sustained me by his precocious intelligence, equable disposition, and unalterable cheerfulness." Chopin appears always to have taken pains to retain the affection of Madame Sand, but he was not so careful with the other members of her family; quarrels, recriminations, misunderstandings, ensued, until the situation became insupportable, and Maurice declared to his

mother that, unless she requested Chopin to find another place of residence, he would leave the house himself. The mother, a woman, too, always the slave of children, as well as their idol, to her last hour, was not likely long to hesitate; and, after eight years of daily intercourse, a sudden and decisive break took place between the friends, who then parted,—meeting but once again, at an evening party a year after, when only one word was spoken between them, the name "Frédéric!" from the lips of George Sand. The blame of this rupture has been almost universally given to George Sand, especially as Chopin died two years after it, and people thought she might have supported the harassing presence of her "customary invalid" for so short a period longer,—as if she could have foreseen what was to ensue. The reasons and causes that brought about the parting of George Sand and Chopin have been variously stated by friends and foes. Among the foes of George Sand it is difficult to avoid classing M. Karasowski, whose estimate of her character and actions is, throughout his book, narrow, prejudiced, yet often sentimentally weak. M. Karasowski, who, in placing Madame Sand's conduct in the worst light, scarcely shows himself an enlightened friend of the artist who so wholly adored her, tells us that Chopin only desired to marry her "in his youth,"—yet their entire acquaintance merely extended over a period of a little more than ten years; that she "poisoned his whole life;" and deplores the fact that this infatuation prevented Chopin from entering into some happy marriage that would have brightened his life and greatly augmented his artistic success. He forgets that twice before Chopin's acquaintance with Madame Sand his projects of marriage came to naught, though without any fault on his side; and that during his residence in her house he failed to carry out a matrimonial alliance, because, when visiting the lady, she offered a chair to a more famous man before asking Chopin to take one; and that although, with an artist's natural susceptibility to beauty and elegance, he would sometimes return from an evening party enthusiastically in love with three graces at once, he had the next day forgotten them all in his absorbed devotion to the genius, and reposeful, sympathetic qualities of the woman whose friendship and almost maternal care were bestowed on him. In vain, after their parting, he attempted to forget one who had filled his existence for ten years with dreams of happiness; during the visit he made to England in the following year, he took little pleasure in the brilliant reception accorded to him at the English court, or by the public at the few concerts he gave. His health suffered from the climate; the state of his mind was betrayed by many expressions in his letters to his friends: "If I begin to complain, I shall never end, and all is in the same key. I am wearied to death, though the people here almost kill me with their kindness. I am disgusted with life; nothing touches me any more; I only wait for the end." On his return to Paris, his health gave way entirely. The details of his last days on earth, the sufferings he endured

with so much resignation and piety, seeming rather to long for than to fear death, are related by Karakowski with much pathos.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis,¹ in speaking of Madame Sand's "deliberate refusal" to marry Chopin, treats the whole subject from the merely sentimental and superficial point of view commonly accepted. Lenz is one of Madame Sand's most severe judges.² He laments the web into which Chopin had fallen, "to which a spider was not wanting." Should we not describe the situation more truthfully, if we were to deplore the entanglement of two butterflies in a net; if we entitled that the web of circumstance, and the spider Destiny, or shall we say mortal fallibility? But indeed Herr Lenz must have found it difficult to forgive Madame Sand, when, after he had played—no doubt, finely—to her, "she did not say one word;" and Chopin showed himself once very deficient in his usual delicate tact, when he told Lenz that all contemporary writers ought to lay down their pens, and leave the whole field in possession of the incomparable George Sand! It is quite true, as Karasowski observes, that George Sand was not found among the friends and relations who attempted to soften Chopin's sufferings during his last hours; but be it remembered that Chopin "did not request to see any one at all;" he was too proud and reticent in character, and just then, no doubt, too hopeless and discouraged to ask for the presence of the woman he perhaps most desired to see. Had he not declared that "his whole life was contained in one episode," and that after it had closed he "merely vegetated"? The bitter things he said of her after their parting were but natural from a man who had passed through such a disappointment, and possess little weight as evidence against her; they must be accepted with reservation, as the expressions of the deepest, most sensitive, but morbid feeling on the part of one who, as Liszt says, "refused to be comforted, while all attempts to fix his attention on other subjects were vain." Vainly, alas, has an acute French critic advised men to be more chary with their hatred, which is, he says, "a poison more precious than that of the Borgias, for it is compounded of our blood, our health, our sleep, and—two thirds of our love"!

The commonly received reason of the parting of Chopin and Madame Dudevant is that she, in order to force him to leave her house, depicted him in her novel "Lucrezia Floriani" as Prince Karol, a jealous, tiresome, transcendental invalid; threw the proof-sheets in his way, and instructed the children to inform him that "Mamma intended Prince Karol for M. Chopin." But, as Ehlert says,³ "I cannot judge whether Karasowski's information be correct, or derived from authentic sources, but I doubt it. No woman acts thus, not even one whose patience has been completely wearied out." More than twenty years ago, Madame Sand

¹ *Music and Morals*. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M. A. London and New York.

² *Die grossen Pianoforte-Virtuosen unserer Zeit*. Von W. VON LENZ. Berlin. 1872.

³ *Aus der Tonwelt*. Essays by LOUIS EHLERT. Berlin. 1877.

found it necessary to deny this report, as well as partially to refute the charge that she had kept Chopin dangling on for her own entertainment, the most devoted of her slaves, until she was tired of him, and dismissed him broken-hearted. The following remarks occur in this passage of her autobiography, illustrative of the character of Chopin as displayed in his intercourse with her: "The depth of Chopin's emotion was always disproportioned to its cause. A slight grief, some awkwardness in a person to whom he was indifferent, the small contrarieties of real life, affected him for days, for weeks; while he heroically supported the great dangers and sufferings of his deplorable health, he was miserably vexed by its insignificant variations. But such is the history, the destiny, of all persons in whom the nervous system is developed to excess. . . . Long life was impossible to one of such an extreme artistic type. He was consumed by a dream of the ideal, unbalanced by mundane charity or philanthropic toleration. He never would make terms with human nature. He accepted nothing of reality. In this lay his vice and his virtue, his grandeur and misery. . . . Chopin was an epitome of those magnificent inconsistencies that must possess their individual logic, since Heaven pleases to create them. . . . I accepted all this, and, differing from him in ideas outside of art, in political opinions and judgment of passing events, I did not attempt any modification of his character, but respected its individuality as I did that of Delacroix and many other friends, whose paths differed from my own. On his side, Chopin accorded to me, nay, I will say honored me with, a friendship of a nature so entire that it made an exception in his whole life. He was always the same to me. He must have understood me thoroughly, without illusion, as I never descended in his estimation. A stranger to my studies and researches, and consequently to my convictions, bigotedly attached as he was to the Catholic dogma, he nevertheless always said of me, as did the gentle nun in my convent, Mother Alicia, in the last hours of her life: 'Pooh, pooh! I am sure she loves God!' But if, with me, he was all respect, deference, devotion, he did not abjure the asperities of his character towards those who surrounded me. With them he gave free vent to the inequalities of his character, by turns generous and fantastic, passing from infatuation to aversion, and *vice versa*. And yet he displayed little of his interior life, save in those masterpieces of art, in which he expressed it even then only vaguely, mysteriously; his lips never betrayed his deepest feelings, and his reserve was so great that I alone, for many years, was able to divine them, and, where I could, to mitigate them and retard their outbreak." In alluding to the current report that "Lucrezia Floriani" had been the cause of their parting, she explicitly contradicted it, as well as the statement that Chopin was depicted in Prince Karol. She says that he, always anxious to read her romances before any one else, also read the proof-sheets of this, and never dreamed of connecting their own characters or experience with it,

until long after, when evil-disposed persons put the idea in his head, and when he had forgotten the book. In describing their separation, she says there was no recrimination between them. "We never addressed to each other a reproach save one, — alas! the first and the last. So elevated an attachment broke asunder, as was best; it was at least not worn away in ignoble quarrels." It seems to me, as to M. Fétis,¹ that amid what he calls "the gilded language of the greatest French writer of her day, the truth is evident," — far more so than in the comments upon this famous friendship, to be found in novels, biographical sketches, dictionaries, and encyclopædias, too many of them flip-pant, as well as incorrect. But, while accepting Madame Sand's denial of having intended to sketch the character of Chopin, especially with cruel intention, in "Lucrezia Floriani," — that story, so different from her own, one of the dullest of her novels, — we are at liberty to surmise that as certain types must have floated before her imagination, often involuntarily, when writing, since she wrote with the inspired speed of an improvisatrice, so her own character and that of Chopin may have stood before her mind's eye at this time, objectively, without her being aware of it. I am the more inclined to think so, since the epithets "expansive" and "exclusive," applied by her to Lucrezia and Karol, so exactly define her own large, sympathetic nature, and the intense and concentrated character of Chopin's genius.

While attempting to describe with impartiality an episode in the lives of two famous artists, — one that is supposed to have exerted so much influence on many of their works, — let it not be thought that I am inspired by prejudice in favor of one, who is now almost universally regarded as perhaps the most illustrious example of feminine imaginative power, or by an equally illiberal prejudice against the other. For Chopin, who can feel anything but the deepest, the most tender admiration and pity? A disappointed patriot, the child of two nations, without a country or a home he could call his own, eternally consumed by the inward fire of genius, his wounded soul reacted on his body, his suffering body embittered his mind; the possibility of passing his life in the security of a tie hallowed by religion, under the happy influence of the sunlike nature that could have reduced all this discord to harmony, was denied to him; ever to have met Madame Sand was a terrible fatality for him, considering the circumstances that surrounded them; but since such was his destiny, he would not have been the profound, sensitive, fervid poet-nature that he was, if he could have met her without loving her, or lost her without a despair that sometimes led him almost to "curse the day he had met her."

It is difficult to arrive at conclusions uncolored by indulgent pity for both parties, after endeavoring to sift the truth from a mass of conflicting opinions, and the vituperation that was hurled at that "large-brained woman or large-hearted man" after Chopin's early death, and more recently since her own

decease; and without the sincerest attempt to be just and unprejudiced, it is impossible to enter into the exceptional, abnormal character of one artist, or that of the other, so unique from hereditary descent and individual peculiarities, and therefore not to be measured by ordinary standards. Common justice towards George Sand, however, has been too often lost sight of by Chopin's admirers, especially by German writers on music, either from prejudice towards a Frenchwoman, or because the old-fashioned idea of regarding literary women as necessarily cold-hearted, selfish, hard, and self-asserting, seems to linger longer in Germany than in other countries.

Were I inclined to listen to the promptings of my own individual feelings alone, I should be anxious to yield all the merits in the case to Chopin, if only out of gratitude for the exhaustless, exquisite fountain of enjoyment unsealed to me in the works of this most original, profound, delicate, yet powerful of tone-poets. For me to pronounce which of the two artists in this question was the greater would be presumptuous; but I do not hesitate to declare that I have derived more continual, ever-renewed, stronger, finer, — if sometimes also painful — pleasure from the audition or in the performance of the works of Chopin, than from the perusal of those of George Sand. And this I confess, in spite of my keen appreciation of all her noble qualities, deep feeling for nature, and for all great art; in spite of her swing, verve, picturesqueness, and, above all, her style — a style so clear, limpid, richly-rolling, that I cannot recall any more perfect, in spite of its occasional exuberance, in the merely artistic qualities of style in itself, than that of our own De Quincey, that master magician in the command of splendid English prose, whose manner is nevertheless so different, that it presents rather an opposition than a pendant to that of George Sand.

(To be continued.)

THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC IN THE WEST.

BY C. H. BRITTAN.

It is now some ten years since the writer of this article, fresh from musical experiences in Boston, began his life in the West. Every indication of musical progress has been carefully noted from that time until the present hour. The great West has bent the full force of her energy to commercial and agricultural life. Yet the development of a love for art and music is being manifested in so marked a manner, and its aspect is so noticeable in the generous support that is given to all that is worthy of recognition, that at last we have reached a position which entitles us to respect and consideration. The condition of music in the West is one that is brighter than ever before. The organization of important musical societies and home orchestras gives evidence of a more extended interest. A better class of music is studied by these societies, and our programmes often bear the marked words, "for the first time in America," even of an important composition. When one considers the vast influence

¹ *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*. F. J. FÉTIS. Paris. 1861.

that flowed, year by year, from the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston, and realizes the benefit that has been derived from its example, by the formation of musical societies in many of the towns and cities in New England, he understands that a greater service was rendered to the cause of music than that which came from the mere development of local taste. At the close of the last season, the Handel and Haydn Society had given six hundred and ten public concerts, and an examination of the number of great works performed in the years of its existence indicates that a high motive prompted the organization to work for the pure, the grand, and the true in classic and modern music. Thus we realize that the concentrated efforts made in the cities indicate the general movement of taste and culture throughout the land.

In three or four of the great cities of the West, we see efforts made in the same direction that was taken by Boston in the earlier years of its musical life. The growth may be more rapid, from the greater number of helps and influences that surround us; but we have every reason to believe it is no less real and positive. When I first came to the West and attempted to find some of Robert Franz's lovely songs, it was with much difficulty that I made the music clerk understand what I wanted. There was little market for the so-called classical music, and the general tone of musical taste was largely indicated by the trashy compositions that found the largest sale. Yet there were influences at work that soon developed a taste for the better class of musical works, and Schumann's, Schubert's, and Franz's songs got a vocal hearing. The musicians were aided in their work by music lovers, and everywhere the signs were brighter. Should our Eastern friends watch our programmes for a season, and note the works which our local societies are producing, in contrast with their own, they could but admit that in endeavor, at least, we were equal. The first concert of the Beethoven Society of Chicago, this season, gave us "The First Walpurgis Night" of Mendelssohn, the overture and scenes from the *Tannhäuser* of Wagner, besides smaller pieces from Rubinstein and Gade; while the Apollo Club produced Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The orchestral accompaniments were better performed than last season, while the chorus did its work with more earnestness and a greater finish. When we contrast the programmes given in Cincinnati at the musical festivals with those offered by the Handel and Haydn Society at their triennial performances, we see that the West is in no way behind the East in her endeavors to produce the works of the great masters. The piano and organ recitals, that form no insignificant part of our musical season, are devoted to the performance of the best music. One society had all the sonatas of Beethoven, and the complete piano works of Schumann and Chopin, performed in an artistic manner, for the edification and education of its members, active and honorary. Thus also with the classical song-writers, a wider acquaintance has been made with their beautiful compositions by efforts of the same noble character.

I do not speak of the support given to operatic representations, for where fashion largely reigns, perhaps its motives are other than those which spring from a real love for the beautiful in art. To support an orchestra of excellence at home, to found and endow a music school of an exalted character, and to build noble halls to enable societies to have a proper place to perform great works in, would indeed show an atmosphere in which art could flourish. But, unfortunately, we are as yet in the early years of our development, and the whole country has hardly been able to support one really great orchestra, such as that of Mr. Thomas. Real culture must develop from germs that unfold in the home, and we cannot expect a great Conservatory of Music that can produce noble artists, and be above the low plane of a money-making concern, until we have created that love for music that shall induce the capitalist to part with some of his treasures, expecting no return but that which would come to him in benefiting his country and its people.

The various musical "conventions," "Normal Music Schools," and local gatherings for the performance or study of music, which have been held in the small towns in the West, have presented marked indications of progress during the past few years. Not long ago, a singing-book maker would hold gatherings of the "convention" character for the purpose of introducing his work; give an indifferent concert or two, with the aid of all the church choirs in the town or village, and pass on to another place to do likewise if possible. But of late there has been a great difference manifested in the work attempted at these conventions. Local societies are formed for the study of oratorio or cantata music, and as soon as they are able to perform it a public concert is given. Thus the convention director is obliged to furnish better works for study, if he would obtain an engagement, for the old and crude idea of music is giving way to one that shows a fuller culture. The normal schools that are held all over the western country during the summer months, bring together a better class of teachers and performers. As one notes their programmes, he observes the weekly "recitals" at which classical music is largely given, while the evening chorus rehearsals are devoted to parts of oratorios, or choruses of the better class. Solo talent of no mean order is employed, and year by year improvement is made in the manner of conducting all their public performances. These musical gatherings are but the forerunners of permanent organizations, and leave behind them a local interest that in time will develop into better things. It is no uncommon occurrence to have pupils come into the city for instruction, bearing with them perhaps a sonata of Beethoven, a nocturne of Chopin, or something from Mendelssohn, which they had learned in a far distant little town. Upon being questioned as to their instruction, we hear of some devotee of music, who, having settled in the Far West, made his influence felt by training young fingers to play the noble works of the truly great masters. Thus, in thousands of cases, is the good

seed planted all over this western land. It is not alone in the cities that a deeper love for the pure in art is manifested. Not long since a letter was received by one of our local teachers, coming from a little town in the extreme western part of Kansas. The writer mentioned a young daughter who had been studying the piano, with the best assistance that could be obtained in the village, and also stated that the little girl had found Mendelssohn's and Beethoven's letters among the books in a small library in the place, and from her interest in them was eager to have some of their music. "Would it be possible," wrote the father, "for you to send us some little things from these masters, that young fingers might try?" for although we are living beyond the reach of the benefits of a city's culture, we do not wish to degenerate in our love for what is beautiful and grand." Any number of pleasing indications of this character are constantly coming to the observer of the advancement of culture in the West.

Yet, notwithstanding our seeming progress, we are far from being, even as a nation, a musical people. Can Boston be really a musical city, when it becomes necessary to send out most earnest appeals to the cultivated part of its people to give a better support to the Harvard Musical Association, that it might go on another season, and furnish orchestral concerts of an artistic character without the danger of financial ruin? Is New York musical, when she allows a fine organization like Thomas's Orchestra to be disbanded for want of enough support to live? Can we be a musical people, and yet have no permanent opera in any city in the country, and no endowed musical school of a high rank anywhere in the land? We force even our best musicians into the teaching rank to earn their bread. Until home organizations in good musical societies, fine orchestras, and conservatories worthy of the name are supported by the great cities of our land, and the musical talent is given proper encouragement, we cannot be more than slowly approaching the rank of a music-loving nation.

Yet Music will live. Her melodies shall be reëchoed throughout the land, and manifest the idea of beauty through the harmonious medium of sweet sounds. The musician will yet prove his intellectuality, not only by *thinking in sounds*, but by manifesting his ideas in compositions that shall have universal recognition. And the tidal wave of progress shall not only sweep westward, but it shall penetrate into the dark corners of the globe, and make radiant all lands. The pure rays of the light of a truer culture shall send forth brighter illuminations, until civilization shall make one great family of the many races of humanity.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21, 1878.

DAYS IN NORMANDY.

DIEPPE and Rouen belong to the beaten track of common travel. In the one, you have an unsurpassed exposure to the sea, with a current of ozone much prized by valetudinarians. Here is also a casino, where one may hear music, and on certain occasions dance to it. The beach just

below is good for bathing, and is well provided with cabins. The display here reminds one of the beach at Newport in the season, but the hour for bathing is somewhat earlier, as breakfast is taken in the middle of the day. At the casino, the toilettes are usually simple, and there is a preponderance of cotton materials, which the Parisian dress-makers know how to fit and trim very tastefully, and for which they charge heavy prices, thirty dollars being the ordinary price for a gingham or batiste dress, trimmed with very cheap lace and with the ribbons now so much in vogue. The materials for such a dress would scarcely cost ten dollars in America, and must here amount to much less, so that the profits of the *façon* must be large. I would here suggest a new proverb: "Qui dit modeste dit principe." So lofty are the pretensions, so unbounded the expectations, of this class.

In Rouen, we visit the fine old cathedral, where the choir particularly interests us. It contains on the right the tomb of the Sieur de Brése, husband to Diana of Poitiers. The chief feature in this is the figure of the deceased, represented in the moment which succeeds the last agony, with the traces of the final struggle still impressed upon the lifeless face. The winding sheet which drapes the body is gathered in a curious knot above the head, the whole as realistic as possible, said to be the work of Jean Goujon. At the head of the tomb stands the afflicted widow; at its foot, the dead man appears as a child in the arms of his mother. The epitaph expresses a grief and fidelity which history does not credit. The monument of the two cardinals d'Amboise, uncle and nephew, is on the right of the choir, in florid Gothic. In the nave is shown the effigy of Richard Cœur de Lion, rudely carved, in his crown and royal robes. Beneath it lies the heart to whose qualities he owes his title.

The architecture of the church of St. Ouen is considered much more perfect than that of the cathedral. Its walls show the largest possible proportion of glass to stone, the windows occupying nearly the whole space, while the weight of the roof is supported by pillars and buttresses only. One of the *rosaces* is beautifully reflected by the water in a baptismal font of black marble, which has the effect of a black mirror. The windows are all of ancient glass, very beautiful in coloring. The museum of antiquities contains fifteen windows of stained glass, taken from suppressed churches and convents, forming a series from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, and of unrivaled interest and value. Many other things of interest are shown here, among them the chimney and mantel-piece of the house in which Corneille was born, and the sad mask taken from the features of Henri IV. of France, after his untimely death.

So much for Rouen, which deserves fuller mention. It is now a place so full of life that the bustle of trade and manufacture puts to flight the pale memories of the past. But in Caen, the past still asserts itself. The quiet streets leave room for imagining the old victories and processions. Here is St. Pierre, one of the most beautiful of Norman churches. Here also are the two great abbeys built by William the Conqueror and his Queen Matilda, as a peace-offering to the Pope, who was offended by their marriage. Of these, the church of St. Etienne, otherwise termed L'Abbaye aux Hommes, is the finest and the most extensive. It is of the style termed Norman-Romanesque, and is very severe and grand. It was completed and dedicated during the monarch's life, having been intended by him to serve as a resting place for his remains. A slab of gray marble in the pavement before the altar marks the place where they did rest. The inscription is as follows:—

HIC SEPULTUS EST INVICTISSIMUS
GUGLIELMUS
CONQUISTOR NORMANNIAE DUX ET ANGLIAE
REX HUIUSCE DOMUS CONDITOR
QUI OBIT ANNO 1087.

A superb lamp of bronze, heavily gilded, hangs above the tomb, and near it stands a paschal candle forty feet in height. The Huguenots in 1562 destroyed the ancient monument, and left of its contents only one thigh-bone, which the Revolutionists of 1793 in their turn demolished. If we add to this the fact that the death of William was of a very painful character, and that his funeral was really given him by the charity of a private individual, we shall conclude that the vicissitudes to which royalty is subject received no small illustration in his person.

The Abbaye aux Dames, built by Queen Matilda, is a smaller edifice, in pure Norman style. Its front is adorned by two square towers, and within its choir is shown the tomb of the queen. The most interesting memento of Queen Matilda will be found in the tapestry preserved at Bayeux, said to have been wrought by her hand. It is worked in crevel on a strip of linen many yards long, and represents, somewhat remotely, the Norman conquest of England. The mind of the beholder is, however, much assisted by divers Latin sentences, also in embroidery, which accompany and explain the various groups and figures. The first of these shows King Edward the Confessor telling his son Harold that William, Duke of Normandy, should one day be king of England. Harold next appears in the act of taking the oath of fealty to William. After this Harold is seen wearing the crown of England, and Duke William, hearing of this act of treachery, orders the building of a fleet to convey his forces to England. Then follow various battles, processions, and so on, till matters culminate in the death of Harold and the victory of William. The whole work is very incongruous. The horses are sometimes wrought in crimson worsted, sometimes in blue. Cities and palaces are represented by curious figures resembling nothing in particular unless it be a soup tureen or fancy pagoda. The faces are in outline, and the anatomy of the figures reminds one of the "Slovenly Peter" book once so much in vogue in the nursery. And yet, in spite of its grotesque imperfection, the work remains a very interesting one. It suggests so much: the queen and her maidens, day after day, returning to toil at its tedious length; the king looking on with interest; the admiration of the primitive court for a work considered in its time so remarkable. Poor as it is in design and execution, it has yet a certain merit and expression. The work improves as it goes on. One wonders who drew the endless outlines which the queen followed and filled, since artists must have been rare in those fighting days. A modern painting, hanging near the tapestry, represents the queen with her work on her knees, surrounded by her ladies in waiting. It is said that when Napoleon I. was intent upon an invasion of England, he caused Queen Matilda's tapestry to be carried in honor through the streets, in order to excite the multitude by the remembrance of this ancient achievement.

King William could not write his name. A charter, long shown in Rouen, but now removed elsewhere, bears his attested mark, he having no signature.

In traveling through Normandy, one is struck with the resemblance of the country to some parts of England. The English look of the people is perhaps still more striking. They are fair and blue-eyed and the children might easily be supposed to be of English birth. As we drove past a roadside inn, one day, we saw upon its humble sign, "Plantagenest Aubergiste," Plantagenet,

tavern keeper. This man was, no doubt, a remote "collateral" of royal Richard and the rest. His name, thus encountered, led one to think of the various circumstances which at once connect and separate the prince and the peasant. Both may be not only of one humanity, but of one race. The source of the aristocracy which culminates in royalty is almost always to be sought in some superiority of physical force and of animal courage, helped by cunning. When one reads the record of these things one almost admires the candor of the Spartans, who made successful theft a credit, and only failure a disgrace.

The Normans are considered very cunning people by the French in general. They are shrewd experts in horse-dealing, ranking with the Yorkshiremen in this respect. In looking over a series of hotel accounts, I am led to believe that their talent in making money at the expense of others is not limited to one branch of industry. The traveler in Normandy pays very dearly for the necessities of life. He may be surprised to receive in a small and remote town a bill for board and lodging which would not discredit London or Paris. Travel by diligence, on the other hand, is cheap. Cider, the common drink of the country, is furnished at most *tables d'hôte* without extra charge. Damp beds are rather the rule than the exception. Finally, I see no reason why Norman French should be considered better than any other, and I, for my part, would rather have come over with the Pilgrim Fathers than have gone over with the Conqueror.

J. W. H.

BOOK NOTICES.

MOTHER-PLAY AND NURSERY SONGS. From the German of FROEBEL. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A beautiful English edition of this admirable book is before us. The charming, lively German songs, with the thoughtful verse addressed to the mother by which each is headed, have been exquisitely reproduced in our own tongue by the translator (Miss F. E. Dwight), and the music to each little song and game is given in full. The book is thus a play-house from which happy child-life may be drawn, day after day and week after week, while the ordinary book of rhymes is quickly thrown aside when the first stimulus of infantile amusement is over. What strikes us as especially important in these games is that they contain so much good sense; for we are sure that the flatness and pointlessness of ordinary rhyming games not only pall upon, but sometimes seriously puzzle, little children. Not realizing that the seniors who composed "Uncle John is very sick," or, "Lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun," were simply making fools of themselves for their benefit for the nonce, the intelligent little child supposes that there is a hidden meaning to these purely abstract and gratuitous statements, which it is his duty to find out, and is troubled at his failure to fathom the freakish mystery. The rhyming games of Froebel, on the contrary, are full of practical suggestion, yet do not lose their beauty, or even jollity, on this account. The little versified appeals to the mother, before noticed, which introduce each song-game, like the verses before the chapters of an old-fashioned novel, are touching in their pleading on the child's behalf.

Froebel is truly the advocate of children, and as such seems as much a part of the "kingdom of heaven" as they do. We cannot close this brief indication of the merits of the work before us without quoting two of the little songs, which seem to us especially picturesque and characteristic:—

SONG OF SNELL.

Now my little rogue may smell
These sweet flowers he loves so well.
Ah! what is it? Canst thou tell —
So sweet! — where the hidden source may dwell?
Yes, an angel in the cell
All the cups with sweets doth fill;
Says, "Though from the child concealed,
"Sweet perfumes I freely yield,
So sweet, so sweet!"
Let me too the angel greet,
Let me smell the perfume sweet, so sweet! etc.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE GOOD CHILD.

FIVE knights I see riding at rapid pace;
Within the court their steps I trace.
"What would ye now, fair knights, with me?"
"We wish thy precious child to see."
They say he is like the dove so good,
And like the lamb of merry mood.
Then wilt thou kindly let us meet him,
That tenderly our hearts may greet him?"
"Now the precious child behold:
Well he merits love untold."
"Child, we give thee greetings rare,
This will sweeten mother's care.
Worth much love the good child is,
Peace and joy are ever his.
Now will we no longer tarry,
Joy unto our homes we'll carry."

THE KNIGHTS AND THE ILL-HUMORED CHILD.

FIVE knights I see riding at rapid pace;
Within the court their steps I trace.
"What would ye now, fair knights, with me?"
"We wish thy precious child to see."
"Ah, friendly knights, I grieve to say
That I cannot bring him to you to-day;
He cries, is so morose and cross
That all too small we find the house."
"Oh, such tidings give us pain;
No longer we sing a joyful strain.
We'll ride away, we'll ride afar,
Where all the good little children are."

The book is embellished by very attractive engravings on every page. Germany is so pre-eminently the country of domesticity that it seems especially appropriate that Froebel, the apostle of children, should be a native of that land; but we heartily rejoice to see the gospel of good things for children spreading throughout every country, appealing to the native goodness of little children, and perpetuating and carrying it forward into manhood and later life.

J. R. A.

LIFE-SCHOOLS — AND MORE.

"T. G. A." is right in saying that we need life-schools to keep our young artists up to good drawing, but it seems to me that we need something more. Of schools we have no end. Boston is in the midst of an academical *furor*. She is nothing, if not artistic; less than nothing, if not academical. Drawing *per se* is the *sine qua non* of existence.

But is this school-drawing all that is needed? Did ever an academy produce an artist? Is it not always the same story, — that the *atelier* and the master make the artist? To be sure, the alphabet must be learned; but don't let us stop there, and never get beyond spelling *b-o-y*, and making our pot-hooks and hangers.

What we do need is the life-giving presence of a true and a great artist who long ago left behind him the minutiae of the schools, and who shall be to Boston what Liszt is to Weimar.

Said an artist who lives more in Europe than in America: "In Boston everything is wrong. The women paint strong and broadly. Most of the men do not." The reason is evident. The women-students asked for instruction, and paid for it. Hence Mr. Hunt's class of three years' duration, and his subsequent instruction in classes that were the outgrowth of his. I doubt not that if a score or two of young men were to meet together, show their work, and, in a spirit of docility, ask for help, it would be given with the same

generous spirit with which it was bestowed upon the thirty or forty young women who asked Mr. Hunt to teach them.

I say nothing against art-schools and academies as such. The majority of students require their help; but there will always be a few who go on faster and with more enthusiasm without them, — students who must go their own way, under guidance, and who would be cramped and injured by school-training.

Let us have the life-schools, by all means, for the study of the figure is the key to all artistic knowledge; but let us not expect to be a great art-centre without the inspiration of a master.

X.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

ITALIAN OPERA.

BOSTON has been enjoying two full (over-full!) weeks of opera, given on a grander scale as to completeness, and in a finer style throughout, of execution, than we have ever had before. This we are not afraid to say while not oblivious of the delights of the old Havana troupes, the Grisi and Mario period, and others ever memorable. But this time we have actually had one of the standard opera companies of Europe, in its completeness, brought into our beautiful and spacious Boston Theatre. To the enterprise of Colonel Mapleson, lessee and manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, — the only rival of Covent Garden Theatre with its Royal Italian Opera, — we are indebted for this rare visitation.

In the disturbance of our fortnightly routine, and the long interval necessitated between two numbers by the transfer, just at this time, of our journal to new publishers, we have found nothing quite so hard to reconcile ourselves to as this long compulsory silence about such singers, such operas, and such an orchestra, until now that all is over. How we have envied those young midnight writers who could publish every morning the glowing, fresh impression of each opera before they had even slept upon it! Ours is no such privilege, and we must look back over the whole period and gather up what memories we can of it into one condensed, brief summary.

Of the twelve performances announced, the first (December 30) was to have been the new French Opera *Carmen*, — one of the last sensations, — with Miss Minnie Hauk in the rôle she has made so famous. Nearly all the seats in the house had been bought at high prices, and the event was eagerly awaited. But the prima donna remained sick in New York; the *Trovatore* had to be substituted at short notice; most of the tickets were returned, and this great disappointment cast a damper over the opera-going enthusiasm, which was felt throughout the week. Report speaks highly of the style in which the hackneyed, hateful *Trovatore* was presented. For us the opera began with Bellini's ever fresh and beautiful *Sonnambula* on the second evening, with Mme. Etelka Gerster-Gardini, the purest, sweetest star that has risen in the lyric firmament for many years, in the character of Amina. She is very young, — twenty-three, they say; with a slight, graceful figure, and a face which, though perhaps not handsome, yet has all the fine effect of beauty as it lights up with the inspiration of true feeling and of genius. From her first entrance upon the stage she seemed to identify herself instinctively with the part of the artless village maiden. In her first tones of welcome to her companions, the voice was not only

fresh, but individual, almost peculiar in *timbre*; the lower notes not strong; but as it rose it grew purer, clearer, sweeter, and more powerful, revealing what we were tempted to call a *clarinet* quality. The impression of peculiarity, however, gradually passed away; and as she went on singing night after night, that voice became so much the standard of what is loveliest and purest in soprano sounds, that all its peculiarity was hidden in its own perfection. The part of Amina was completely suited to her; and while her action was altogether natural and admirable, her singing was entirely in harmony with it, and as near to absolute perfection as we ever hope to hear. In the pathetic cantabile passages, like "Ah! non credea," she sang straight to the heart with an unconscious simplicity which could not be doubted; and in all the ecstatic fioriture and high flights in which the bird-like Bellini melody is prone to revel, not only was the voice adequate, the execution perfect, even to the extreme highest notes, — the form of every leaf and tendril cleanly, delicately finished as in rivalry with Flora's kingdom, — but, what was a greater wonder, every phrase and every note of all these "vocal pyrotechnics," commonly so coldly and mechanically rendered, was touched with the chaste fire of true dramatic expression. It did not suspend the action for one infinitesimal instant; it was the same soul that shone in the face and pervaded every motion. When she holds out one of the very highest tones, it is not merely very sweet or brilliant, but it is a tone of substance, charged with feeling and expression, which she can modulate like any lower tone. We need not say that her intonation is unimpeachable; there is never a shade of variation from the perfect pitch. We have seen and heard many good Aminas, but none, upon the whole, so beautiful as this of the young Hungarian singer.

But we must leave her for a moment, or we shall forget to speak of the performance of the opera as a whole. It was the best performance of *La Sonnambula* that we remember. This most genuine and happy inspiration of Bellini's muse, — the very soul of melody, — which never loses its freshness for us, renewed its youth and charm wonderfully that night. It was all good. Sig. Frapolli sang and acted earnestly, and like an artist, as Elvino, and his tenor voice, though sometimes a little pinched and forced, has much essential sweetness. Sig. Foli, with a bass voice of remarkably rich, elastic, and expressive quality, did full justice to the music of the Count, which character, in spite of his remarkably tall and slender form, he impersonated with dignity and ease. The secondary parts, the Lisa of Mlle. Robiati, the Alessio of Sig. Grassi, and even that of the Mother, were better than we ordinarily hear. The chorus, imported from London, was numerous, fresh, and musical in tone, and admirably trained. It were worth a long walk to hear the noble "Phantom Chorus" sung so satisfactorily; and the pretty episodic chorus in the middle of the play was most refreshing as a relief from the pathetic progress of the drama, as well as a foreshadowing of the happy end. But, rarest element of all in our local operatic experiences, a most complete and admirable orchestra! It is mainly made up of the best New York musicians, many of them from the late orchestra of Theodore Thomas. Sig. Arditi is one of the best of conductors, and has brought them all into perfect unity and sensitive obedience to every hint from his baton. The violins played as one, and all the reeds and brass were smooth and sympathetic. There was power enough, yet no superfluous noise, no brutal covering up of the voices. The *Sonnambula* was a success, and Gerster was acknowl-

edged even to exceed all that fame had said in her praise. The audience was only moderately large, but those who saw and heard were thoroughly convinced, and they were persons of enough taste and experience to assure and persuade the many for another time.

Yet the next night's experience was far from creditable to Boston's musical taste and culture. One would suppose that a chance to listen merely to the exquisite music (without the singers and the actors) of one of the first operas of Mozart, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with so fine an orchestra, would have been seized upon as a rare privilege and have filled the house; but by far the best, most faithful and complete performance of the work we ever had was given before empty benches; there were barely three hundred people in the auditorium! Fashion, fickle goddess, who is nothing if not absurd and treacherous, had ruled that to be an "off-night," — no Gerster, Hauk, nor Roze! Do we go for music, the divine, or only for the prima donna, whom men call the Diva? Judging by that evening, Col. Mapleson would have reason to think ours not a musical community. There are other ways, however, of accounting for the strange indifference. First, the natural reaction and desire for rest after two days of excitement, one disappointing, the other too glorious, too much of a revelation not to dull the appetite for anything else immediately after. Periods of excitement and of keen enjoyment run in waves, and there is room for "off-nights" in the alternate moments of depression. But Mozart's *Figaro*! Can one afford to lose it? Here, again, several reasons suggest themselves in our past experience of the opera itself. It is very hard for the average audience to understand what is passing on the stage dramatically; the plot is far from clear, unless one has studied it carefully beforehand, and there are reasons why it is perhaps not best to pry too deeply into its motives. Then, its long stretches of dialogue in dry old-fashioned recitative, with only those irritating scrapes upon the double-bass and cello for accompaniment, which some judicious person might, we should think, prune out pretty freely to the advantage of the work, — or else let the parties simply talk together. Then again, wearisome recollections of the inadequate performances which we have had of it in past years; the associations were not predisposing. The fortunate few who did go on that New Year's night have exchanged the old associations for fresh and bright ones; they listened from beginning to end, for three hours and a quarter, with delight. For the first time we heard this masterwork in its completeness; it was all there, and justice done to every rôle, to every measure of the music. Nothing in the whole fortnight has done more to show the rich resources of the Mapleson company than the fact that not only the principal, but all the secondary rôles, some ten in all, and all important, were satisfactorily filled by excellent artists, not one of the "bright peculiar stars" appearing. Mlle. Parodi, with a sweet, full, powerful mezzo-soprano voice, and fine, generous presence, made an acceptable Countess. Mme. Sinico sang and acted charmingly as Susannah. Mme. Lablache, who has proved herself one of the most versatile and ever-ready artists of the troupe, — having already harrowed up the feelings by her intense impersonation of Verdi's unlovely witch Azucena, — made a very pleasing Cherubino, singing the arias finely (albeit transposed to a lower key, as were some other parts), encoired after "Voi che sapete," and entering with much spirit and grace into all the pretty action and roguish by-play of the boy lover's part. Marcellina was worthily presented by Mme. Robiati. The Figaro was Sig. Galassi, who has a musical, rich, flexible baritone voice,

which he uses artistically and with expression, and he put plenty of vivacity and volubility into the droll, gay part. Sig. Del Puente, an admirable baritone, easy and dignified in action, was as good a Count Almaviva as one could desire. M. Thierry, thick and rotund in person, had a good unctuous bass voice for Dr. Bartolo, and the parts of Don Basilio, Don Curzio, even to the drunken gardener Antonio, were no mere shadows in the song and action of Signori Bignardi, Grazzi, and Franceschi. Add the fine orchestra and chorus, and it will be clear that there we had for once a memorable presentation of a hitherto but half appreciated masterpiece in opera.

Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, musically, does not keep its freshness like the *Sonnambula*. Its music is far less spontaneous. Yet it abounds in ever-pleasing and pathetic melody, and has superb ensembles. It still remains, and probably will long remain, one of the popular favorites among operas. It palls and again grows upon us by turns, and should not be heard too frequently. Such pathos and pervading gloom, even if the pathos were all real, though for a while it fascinate, may easily grow irksome, and the sum of its expression morbid. Some of the happiest and brightest of its musical ideas occur in strange connection, malapropos dramatically; for instance, that lively strain with which the chorus suddenly interrupt Edgardo's dying scene — strange form of sympathy! And again much of the florid vocal virtuosity of Lucia's mad scene, especially the rivalry of voice and flute. But then, such was the power of Gerster's genius, with her wonderful purity of voice and perfect execution, to lift it all up into a higher atmosphere and spiritualize it, making the highest tones and brightest ornamental passages to thrill with feeling, that you lost all thought of anything at all technical and artificial, and took it all as pure, consistent, simple and divine expression. In her singing and entire impersonation of the part, she was to us the very ideal of Lucia. The rustic simplicity of Amina had given place to the refined and high-born maiden. All she does is characteristic, and the discrimination seems to be without calculation and unconscious, one of the instinctive processes of the artistic genius.

It was the best performance of the opera as a whole that we have ever had here. Sig. Campanini, greatly improved in voice, and wonderfully so in action, came in for his full share of the enthusiasm of the public, leaving little to be desired in the Edgardo. Galassi made a very marked impression as Enrico. Foli, with his imposing voice and stature, lent great weight to the part of the priest Raimondo; and, for once, the ungrateful tenor music of Arturo found an agreeable exponent in Bignardi. The great sextet and chorus was magnificently sung, and received with the wildest enthusiasm.

We hardly trust ourselves to speak of *Carmen* (given on Friday evening, January 3), so disappointed were we and so little interested in the music, of which we had read and heard such glowing praise. It was the romantic plot, the intense dramatic action, the picturesque local coloring, the Spanish scenes and tableaux, that made the principal appeal, and that mostly to the eye. Bizet's music has a certain piquancy, and charm of nationality; the instrumentation is brilliant, often rich, and sometimes overloaded; some of the melodies have a strange, peculiar beauty; but the resulting impression of the whole, in our mind, and we believe in most minds, was of a continual and rather tiresome succession of Spanish dance-tunes, — many of them very pretty, but so many of them very cloying. The song of the hero of the bull-fight created some enthusiasm; but nearly every aria or song of any serious pretension seemed to be bedev-

iled by a restless struggle to get away from the key, right in the middle of a period sometimes, and then wriggle or jump back again; we cannot think it anything but willful, a desperate endeavor to appear original. Perhaps this is what some of the admirers mean by "traces of the Wagner style," which they discover in it. We will not hold Wagner responsible for anything so bad, although he did wage war upon the family relationship of keys. In Wagner's "unendliche Melodie," such restless confusion of all keys is one thing (*his* thing), but in set melodies, like these of Bizet, it is quite another.

We cannot think it can be wholesome to become infatuated with such an opera, or such a drama. It seemed to us unfortunate for the first introduction of Miss Minnie Hauk, that she should be identified with such a character as the reckless, selfish, sensual, degraded Spanish gypsy and girl of the streets, Carmen. And identified she was with it about as fully and as cleverly as one dramatically could be. Her rich dramatic quality of voice, her ease and versatility of song, her beauty, enhanced by the picturesque costume, her dashing and defiant air, and her intensity of passion, with her complete consistency of action (though upon so low a plane) combined to make a strong impression. But we had rather that her triumph had been in some other music and in another sort of play. Moreover, the *Carmen* music confines her to the middle and lower region of her voice, which is not her best, although she made it singularly expressive; the part is now taken in London by Trebelli, the famed contralto, whom it suits better as a singer, while Hauk is probably the better actress.

As for the way in which the piece was put upon the stage and sung and acted, and accompanied by Arditi's admirable orchestra, we have only praise. Sig. Campanini, as the tormented soldier lover, Don Jose, surpassed himself in song and action; his acting in the last scene was superb and carried all before it. Sig. Del Puente had all the vivacity and conscious power and triumph of the Toreador; and M. Thierry and Sig. Grazzi, the two gypsy smugglers, filled out the music and the picture well. Excellent, too, in their by-play and in their singing, both in solo and concerted passages, were Mlles. Lablache and Robiati, as Carmen's two gypsy friends. But the one redeeming element of innocence and purity, amid so much that is repulsive and depraved, was the small but gracious part of Michaela, modeled apparently upon the Alice in *Robert le Diable*, which was most sweetly sung and impersonated by Mme. Sinico. But think of Meyerbeer's Alice music, and what is this to it in point of beauty, freshness, or originality! There were some graceful bits of ballet introduced. After listening to it all as well as we were able, we came away caring but little about *Carmen*, and many confessions to the same effect were whispered in our ear.

• On Saturday afternoon the *Sonnambula* was repeated to a crowded theatre, when the enthusiasm for Mme. Gerster was almost at fever height. Of the second week we must speak in our next number.

CONCERT RECORD.

THE long interval between this number of our new volume and the first, which was issued two weeks in advance of date, and then the all-absorbing claims of a dozen nights of opera have left us sadly in arrears in our attempts to keep up with the calendar of concerts. We have to go back to a week or more before Christmas to pick up the thread. Perhaps the best thing we could do would be to wipe the slate off clean and open a fresh account. But memory will furnish a few fragmentary notes out of the confused and crowded past to bridge the chasm over, though but slightly.

— The Christmas Oratorio, *The Messiah*, given by the old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY (Dec. 22), was relig-

iously attended by as great a crowd as usual, and the performance as a whole may be recorded as a remarkably good one,—at any rate, so far as the grand chorus, orchestra, and organ (Mr. B. J. Lang) were concerned. Some of the noblest and seldom quite successful choruses, like "And with his stripes," and the final "Amen" chorus, went better than we ever heard them here. Mrs. Dexter, of Cincinnati, sang the soprano solos, some of them, like "He shall feed his flock," with fine expression; but on the whole she disappointed by the effort with which she strove to control her voice and by her unclear enunciation; we have heard her when she did herself more justice. Mr. Courtney, too, the English tenor, seemed not quite to have recovered from the hoarseness which has affected his fine manly voice in all his public efforts since he came to this country, although his style was excellent. Miss Ita Welsh, our young contralto, made her first attempt in oratorio, and with marked success. She sang with fervor and with simple, true expression; her rich and sympathetic voice only lacking weight sufficient for so large a hall. It is to her credit that she did not omit (as nearly all contraltos have done) the second part of the air: "He was despised." Mr. John F. Winch (in place of Mr. Whitney, who was ill) bore off the triumphs of the evening in the great bass airs. The chorus was in force, at least 500 voices, and bore noble testimony to the thorough training of the experienced conductor, Carl Zerkahn.

— HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The second Symphony Concert (Dec. 19) had for programme:—

*Pastorale, from the Christmas Oratorio . . . J. S. Bach.
**Piano-forte Concerto, in A major . . . Mozart.
Allegro. — Andante. — Presto.

H. G. TUCKER.
Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella" . . . Schubert.
**Siegfried Idyl . . . Wagner.

**Transcription for Piano, "Der Ritt der Walküren" . . . Wagner-Tausig.
H. G. TUCKER.
Seventh Symphony, in A, Op. 92 . . . Beethoven.

(One star means first time in these concerts; two stars first time in Boston.)

The lovely Pastorale of Bach, far finer even than that in Handel's *Messiah*, was beautifully given with Franz's additional instrumentation. The short Schubert Overture was very spirited and brilliant, and was brilliantly played. The "Siegfried Idyl" is a remarkably mild piece for Wagner,—in one rather short *moderato* movement, and but lightly scored, with no brass but a single trumpet and two horns. It was composed some time before the *Siegfried* of his Niebelungen Cycle, on the occasion of the birth of a young Siegfried Wagner. Its themes are characteristic enough of Wagner in his gentler and more sentimental moods, and are worked up into a vague and dreamy web of sensuous sweet sound, which is all that many people ask of music. It seems to hint of the mystical and fascinating influence of the sounds of Nature on a young, heroic, and poetic mind wandering in the forest. There are birds warbling in abundance. The music, though it has sensuous beauty, rich and delicate coloring, lacks progress; the themes do not develop; they revolve, or rather squirm within a narrow circle; they give you a sort of nightmare feeling, an intense restlessness, but no getting forward; we have felt and expressed the same with regard to his *Meistersinger* prize song. It was, however, warmly received, as it was carefully and nicely played, on this first hearing.

Mr. Tucker, who came in at a day's warning when the committee were disappointed in a singer, generously sacrificed himself in some degree to give us the not too common pleasure of hearing a Mozart Concerto. This one in A major is very beautiful, and Mr. Tucker, accustomed to bolder and more modern tasks, went so far in his loyal tenderness and deference to Mozart, that the music did not speak quite freely for itself. The piano-forte part, having but little of the modern breadth and brilliancy, was treated delicately to be sure, yet timidly and coldly. The tempo of the slow movement was taken much too slow, so that it did not seem to march. The brilliant, strong, young virtuoso did not seem to feel quite in his element. Those, therefore, who did not fix their attention mainly on the orchestra, voted the work dull and disappointing; taken as a whole it is a rich and beautiful Concerto. Mr. Tucker had his chance for strength and brilliancy in Tausig's transcription of the "Ride of the Walküren;" if that piece seemed a reckless, mad extravagance, it was Tausig's fault, not his interpreter's. But the ever-glorious, the divine Seventh Symphony came after to purify the air and hush the Babel; the first two measures of it transported one into a serene, pure heaven of delight. That, too, was played with fine precision and with fervor, and has seldom been more heartily enjoyed.

The third concert came last week (Jan. 9), and these were the selections:—

Orchestral Suite in D . . . J. S. Bach.
Overture. — Air. — Gavotte. — Bourrée. — Gigue.

*Scene, "Ah! perfido" . . . Beethoven.
*Aria, "Per pietà, non dirmi addio" . . . Beethoven.

MISS FANNY KELLOGG.
Overture to "Genoveva" . . . Schumann.

**Song, "The Young Nun," with orchestral accompaniment by Liszt . . . Schubert.

MISS FANNY KELLOGG.
**Second Symphony, in D, Op. 73 . . . Brahms.
Allegro non troppo. — Adagio non troppo. — Allegretto grazioso quasi Andantino. — Allegro con spirito.

The Bach Suite made a fine impression; its first movement (overture), so seldom heard, opens the series of pieces in a large, broad, solid, hearty style; and, though with no contrast of other instruments, except three trumpets, against the strings and oboes in unison with them, it seems to lack no wealth of color. It was a satisfaction to hear the well-known heavenly Aria, so often played of late by the great virtuosos of the violin for a solo on the G string, given for once in its proper place and as Bach wrote it,—as a soprano melody, in right relations with the accompanying instruments. It seemed a pity that the brusque and jovial Gavotte should not end the Suite, after the tamer Bourrée and Gigue.

Schumann's *Genoveva* overture, one of the greatest overtures since Beethoven, was splendidly performed, and can more properly be called the striking feature of the concert than the new Brahms Symphony, with which we will not wrestle just now, having neither room, nor time, nor mood. Suffice it to say, the orchestra, considering the few rehearsals, gave a very creditable interpretation of it; and that, if the Adagio and some portions of the other movements were obscure and vague to most listeners, it was in the main followed with interest and much enjoyed. We shall, perhaps, have a better opportunity to discuss its merits more at length.

Miss Fanny Kellogg is one of the most improving and most satisfactory of our young soprano singers. Her beautiful voice has gained much in strength and in endurance, as well as in sweetness, throughout its compass. Beethoven's Italian Scena is a severe trial for any singer. She gave the recitative with strong dramatic emphasis and power, and sang the Aria, "Per pietà," beautifully. The whole piece was well conceived and given in the right earnest spirit, the voice only showing symptoms of fatigue in the trying finale. Schubert's "Die junge Nonne" is a song well known with piano; but Liszt's instrumentation supplies a rich, imposing background, against which the singer's voice was well relieved, although the heavy basses now and then partially obscured it. It was sung with true feeling and expression.

— One of the most delightful of the smaller concerts of the season was that of Mr. G. W. SUMNER, at Mechanics' Hall, on Monday evening, Dec. 16. The programme consisted of four pieces, beginning with the first movement of Mendelssohn's fine old Quintet, in B flat, Op. 87,—the Quintet which formed the corner-stone, as it were, of the original Mendelssohn Quintette Club; this time it had the brilliant interpretation of the club as it is admirably composed to-day, Mr. Thomas Ryan being the only one left of the original members; Messrs. B. Listemann, G. Dannreuther, Edward Heindl, and Rudolph Hennig being now associated with him. Next, Mr. Sumner played Tausig's extremely difficult arrangement of the Toccata and Fugue, in G minor, by Bach, which showed a remarkable development of his powers as a pianist—now taking rank among our foremost ones. He then joined with our masterly violoncellist, Mr. Hennig, in a brilliant performance of the bright and genial Sonata, in A major, Op. 69, of Beethoven. Finally came a most clear and finished, and in every way enjoyable performance of the great Septet by Hummel. All the seven instruments were adequate; the flute of Mr. Heindl, the oboe of Mr. de Ribas, and Mr. Hamann's horn blending delightfully with the strings, to which Mr. Ludwig Manoly supplied a sure and noble contrabass.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 30. — On Saturday evening, Mr. Carlberg gave his second Symphony Concert at Chickering Hall, with the following programme:—

Overture to "Medea" . . . Bargiel.
Fourth Concerto (G) . . . Beethoven.

MR. S. B. MILLS.
Romanza (from Suite in A) . . . H. W. Nicholl.
Recitation and Aria, "Nozze di Figaro" . . . Mozart.
Sig. CAMPOBELLO.

Symphony, in A (Scotch) . . . Mendelssohn.

Perhaps Mr. Carlberg is wise in giving us few novelties, although he certainly deviated from his system—if it be one—in placing upon his programme the Romanza, by Nicholl; this was really a very neat bit of composition, with an instrumentation full of color (possibly too full), while the treatment suggested the classic-romantic school. I should be greatly pleased to hear the remaining movements.

The overture to *Medea* is a charming work of a most serious and elevated character; almost every composer sometimes dismounts from his Pegasus and descends to—well—if not triviality, to something very like it. This Bargiel never does; he may, perhaps, be bizarre or weird, but every phrase is full of serious intention and noble purpose.

Sig. Campobello sang the Mozart Aria very acceptably, and received an *encore* to which he responded with Gounod's "Valley;" he is a manly, earnest, and painstaking singer.

Candor compels me to say that Mr. Mills did not distinguish himself in the Concerto, which requires far different treatment from that which he chose to give it. In the first place, in almost every one of the forte passages, he forced the tone of the piano in a way that was positively painful. In the second place he made many slips and errors, which may be attributed to his being out of practice. Lastly, he hurried the time in the most unexpected places, in a way for which the score seemed to furnish no warrant. Added to all this, there seemed to be an entire lack of sympathy between the orchestra—as conducted—and the pianist; they seemed to be, in one sense, at swords-points, and there were repeated instances where the piano was half a beat in advance of the other performers: in one case—in the final movement—it was only by the utmost agility that Carlberg managed to jump his forces to the correct spot. On the whole, it was a performance which reflected credit neither upon the pianist, whose ability we all know and recognize, nor upon the conductor.

The "Scotch" Symphony went really very well, albeit Mr. Carlberg takes some singular liberties with the tempos; and, by the way, the orchestra, unused to the latitude which he made use of, could hardly be induced to conform to his ideas, and did so with obvious reluctance. This, of course, was all wrong, for even if his conception of the symphony be erroneous (I certainly think it is), it is still the business of the private to obey their officer, and it would seem that adequate rehearsals should have secured a unity of purpose which was conspicuous by its absence. F.

NEW YORK, JAN. 6. — The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society have secured the services of Theodore Thomas as musical director for the coming season. He will conduct the orchestra at each concert and at the rehearsal immediately preceding. The first two rehearsals of each concert will be conducted by Mr. William G. Dietrich. The orchestra numbers sixty-five performers, and is mainly composed of players formerly in the Thomas Orchestra. It is substantially the same as that engaged by Mr. Carlberg for his symphony concerts at Chickering Hall, in New York. The programme of the first concert of the twenty-first season (Dec. 14) was as follows:—

Symphony, "Eroica" . . . Beethoven.
Aria, "Ach! Ich habe sie verloren" . . . Gluck.
Miss ANNIE McCULLUM.

Concerto for violin . . . Mendelssohn.
Andante — Rondo.

MR. EDWARD REMENYI.
Overture to "Genoveva" . . . Schumann.

Solos for violin:—
(a.) Nocturne, E flat, Op. 9, No. 2 . . . Chopin.
(b.) Melodies heroïques et lyriques Hongroises.
Transcribed by REMENYI.
(c.) Mazourka, Op. 7, No. 1 . . . Chopin.

Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger" . . . Wagner.
Opinions may vary concerning the manner in which Thomas interprets the music of certain classical composers; but there can be only one voice with regard to his command of an orchestra, and we know that the Thomas band without the magnetic influence of Thomas is like the play of Hamlet minus the Prince of Denmark. The orchestra is one of the best in the world, and, with Thomas at the head, it is perfection.

In the performance of the Symphony, a close observer might have noticed the absence of certain fine touches of tone-shading which formerly characterized the work of this orchestra; but the strength, clearness, and brilliancy of the interpretation were beyond question. The Vorspiel of *Die Meistersinger* also was performed in magnificent style.

Mr. Edward Remenyi gave an admirable performance of Mendelssohn's beautiful Concerto. The orchestra was a sustaining power, instead of a drag upon the performance, as was the case when he played in New York. In response to an *encore*, after the Chopin pieces, he played a transcription of Mendelssohn's "Spring-Song." Altogether his performance was the best I have heard from him, being really admirable, albeit the eccentricities of his style will come out in the oddest manner. Miss McCullum is endowed by nature with a good voice, but she has yet to learn how to sing. Her efforts in this direction were warmly applauded by the assemblage and crowned with flowers, if not with success. . . .

JAN. 11. — At the third concert of the Symphony Society, at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 4, the programme was:—

Unfinished Symphony, in B minor . . . Schubert.
Air from "Xerxes" . . . Handel.

MISS ANNA DRASDIL.
Concerto for piano, Op. 16, A minor . . . Edward Grieg.

MR. FRANZ RUMMEL.
"La Captive." Reverie for contralto, with orchestra, H. Berlioz.

Symphony in C, No. 2 . . . R. Schumann.

The strangely beautiful fragment by Schubert affects the imagination with an indescribable charm. It is a tragedy of the gods. What the rest might have been who shall dare to fancy? As well attempt to restore the Venus of Milo. Schumann's Symphony, in C, is among the greatest of all the great symphonies,—a masterpiece of genius. The subjects are lofty and poetic, and developed with matchless skill. The work, as a whole, is symmetrical in form as well as noble

in design. It contains not a trivial nor a redundant measure. The work of the orchestra was not quite what it should be. With all respect to Dr. Damrosch, who is a sound musician and who is doing good work, it must be said that certain portions of the Symphony were slighted; notably the Scherzo, which was rushed through at a terrible pace, at the sacrifice of clearness and expression. Miss Drasdil sang the air from "Xerxes," familiar to concert goers as the "Largo," for violin, with organ, harp, and strings, arranged by Helmsberger. Afterwards (for encore) she sang Hiller's "Prayer." Her phenomenal voice and her fine phrasing were best displayed in the "Reverie" by Berlioz, a composition of considerable difficulty, and remarkable for the exquisite beauty of the orchestral setting, as well as the skill with which the melody is varied to suit the changes in the poet's thought.

Mr. Franz Rummel plays with facility and good taste, but for some unknown reason he failed on this occasion to do justice to the Grieg Concerto, a remarkably original and elegant composition, which I have found occasion to praise heretofore. His interpretation was lacking in force, and he failed to produce a broad, sonorous tone from his instrument. The orchestral accompaniment was too heavy, and at times the piano was quite inaudible. I hesitate to sit in judgment on Mr. Rummel's playing, as I hear from every quarter that it is remarkably fine. I am inclined to believe that from nervousness or some other cause he failed to do himself justice at the concert.

A. A. C.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 11.—We are to have our Peabody Concerts, eight of them as usual, the first to take place the 25th of this month. Rather a late beginning this, and to be ascribed mainly to the usual delay in opening the subscription list, which the committee should have done in October instead of putting it off until December. If this had been done the requisite signatures would probably have been obtained by this time. As it is, the list falls short, about one hundred subscribers, of the number calculated on, and the deficit will have to be made up in some way or other before the end of the month. Perhaps a trustee with a big heart and a plenary purse will assist the musical department out of its present dilemma. The arrangement with the orchestra is essentially the same as last winter. The performers are guaranteed a certain sum out of the subscription fund, for thirty rehearsals and eight concerts, the receipts for admissions at the door being divided equally among them. The Institute furnishes *gratis* the hall, gas, printing, attendance, and the director.

As a natural consequence of such an arrangement, the orchestra will be smaller than might be wished (there will be but thirty-two performers), and scarcely able to cope with the new music of the new schools, for which our ambitious director entertains so decided a predilection. We shall therefore have to content ourselves with the more simple compositions of the earlier standard classics, and the opinion of your correspondent is that we can well afford to do without the clashing innovations of Berlioz and Saint-Saëns for a season, and turn with keener enjoyment to the pure simplicity, the passionate depth, and the sublime beauties of Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart.

It is greatly to be deplored that, while the other departments of the Peabody Institute are enjoying ample appropriation from the Institute fund and from private sources, the musical department should suffer so much neglect. It is true, the Institute, like some other institutions and corporations to-day, is, to use a common but suitable term, "short," for reasons given in former letters to the JOURNAL. But how does such an excuse agree with the new annex erected for the library, and the unstinted appropriations to the lectures? Without inquiring more deeply into the causes of this unfortunate state of affairs, let us rather look about us for a remedy. The Institute will probably not be in position to make appropriations to the concerts as formerly, for some years to come, and until that prosperous condition of affairs is reached, the only way in which the concerts can be made an absolute certainty is by private donation. The Peabody Art Gallery sprung into existence entirely in this way; by donations of works of art from such men as Mr. W. T. Walters, and Mr. John McCoy, and a good round sum from Mr. John W. Garrett. Mr. Charles Eaton, chairman of the musical committee, and the only trustee who seems to take an intelligent, active interest in the welfare of the musical department, has, on several occasions, substantially assisted the concerts.

These are steps in the right direction. Seventy-five thousand dollars, properly invested, would, with the addition of what should be realized from the sale of tickets, yield a sufficient sum annually, to insure the performance of ten symphony concerts, with four rehearsals each. Surely a few of our wealthier citizens should have \$75,000 to spare for so laudable an object!

For the immediate future, we are satisfied to know that we shall have the concerts this season, at any rate. The advent of the Boston Mendelssohn Quintette Club, which is to give a concert here on the 21st, is looked forward to with interest in musical circles.

MUSIKUS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., DEC. 14, 1878.—The week from Dec. 6 to Dec. 13 brought us four concerts of note, two by local organizations, and two by visiting musicians. The first was by the Arion Club, a male chorus of about sixty voices, whose leader is Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins, of Chicago.

They have associated with them the Cecilian Choir, a chorus of some sixty ladies, who assisted at this concert, the programme of which was composed of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The choruses of these two compositions were sung, in the main, with precision of attack, with accuracy throughout, with purity of intonation, with delicate gradation of light and shade, with fire, spirit, and vigor such as I have never seen surpassed and rarely equaled. It is evident that Mr. Tomlins has very rare gifts as a chorus director. He knows how to select his singers; he restricts the number to precisely those required to balance the parts properly; he weeds out poor material remorselessly; he carefully develops every voice which can be made available, giving personal attention to each individual singer; he knows exactly what he wants done, and insists on its being done, requiring strict attention from every singer from the start; he has the gift of command, and of inspiring his forces with unbounded enthusiasm, and he is full of power and unflagging energy. He pays the closest attention to minute details, and he studies the compositions he is to conduct with the utmost care, so as to give a true interpretation of them. The result of all this was that the choruses were almost faultlessly done. I should not be obliged to write "almost" but for the fact that the chorus had only a single rehearsal with the orchestra, and that in a place so different from the room where their usual rehearsals are held that they felt awkward and embarrassed. The same uneasiness appeared somewhat at the concert, and in some parts of the most difficult choruses the singers showed a tendency to pull apart; but Mr. Tomlins, who also seemed slightly anxious, succeeded in holding them well together. The remedy for this is obvious. There should be more rehearsals with the orchestra, and in the place where the concert is to be given. The orchestra, also, ought to be better than this one, which was very weak in strings.

The part of *Acis* was taken by Dr. C. T. Barnes of Chicago, who gave it very creditably. The other soloists were Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Abby Clark, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. Miss Kellogg has made marked improvement during the past two years. Her voice has gained in fullness and evenness, and she has grown a more mature artist. Her style shows everywhere the careful training and example of Mme. Rudersdorff. One could desire to feel more power behind her rendering of such music as *St. Paul*; at the last recitative, especially, before the chorus at the climax, "Oh great is the depth," it was evident that she had reached her limit, and had no power in reserve; but she makes noble use of the gifts she has, and we are to be thankful and ask nothing more. Miss Clark has a beautiful tone, and sang the Aria "But the Lord is mindful of his own" so exquisitely, and with such pure and deep feeling, that we all regretted that there was nothing more for her to sing. This Aria was as enjoyable as anything else in the whole evening. Mr. Fessenden was not in his best voice, but his work was entirely adequate, as was, of course, Mr. Whitney's, who sings as easily as if he had power enough in reserve for half a dozen other parts at the same time if it could only be made available.

On the whole, except the inadequate orchestra, the performance was one which Mendelssohn himself might have admired.

The second concert was the 239th of the Milwaukee Musical Society, also a male chorus with an associated chorus of ladies, about the same in numbers as the Arion Club and Cecilian Choir, under the leadership of Prof. Wm. Mickler, a sound and learned musician, and an excellent conductor. The following was the programme:—

1. Second Symphony (D major) Op. 73, *Johannes Brahms*.
2. Aria for Soprano, from the Opera "Orpheus" *Chr. v. Gluck*.
Miss LINA ALLARDT.
3. Maennerchor, "Take wing, my song" *F. Toetza*.
4. Songs for Soprano.
(a.) Asra *Rubinstein*.
(b.) The Violet *Mozart*.
5. Reverie for Violin *H. Vieuxtemps*.
6. Introduction and Chorus of the Messengers of Peace from the Opera "Rienzi" *Rich. Wagner*.
Soprano, Miss LINA ALLARDT.
Tenor, Mr. J. OESTREICHER.

Of course, the main interest of the evening centred in the Symphony, a noble, satisfying, and inspiring composition, every way worthy of a great writer. I heard it all twice in rehearsal before the concert, and, having previously gone through the score at the piano with Professor Mickler, was able to form a very good idea of the whole. The form is the traditional one, the only noteworthy peculiarity being the interruption of the Allegretto, which reminds one of a minuet, though it has by no means the dance spirit of the Mozart minuet, by a genuine scherzando movement in six-eight time. This interruption occurs twice, if I remember rightly, and contrasts with the stately and graceful movement of the Allegretto most charmingly. It combines new motives with a modification of the principal motive of the Allegretto in a thoroughly musician-like way, and so gives the most perfect balance of unity and variety. In fact, these qualities appear throughout the work, the more one studies it, not only in the separate movements, but in

the balance and contrast of the four movements. The thematic treatment is admirable, the counterpoint masterly, and the instrumentation a continual surprise and delight. The themes of the first and third movements are well marked melodic phrases, easily remembered, and very charming, those of the first movement impressing at once by their significance, and by their broad, noble character. The Adagio and final Allegro are formed of motives not so easy to carry away with one, but the total effect of the former is very pleasing, while the latter, rushing forward merrily to the final climax, makes a very satisfactory ending to an extremely fine composition. This Symphony is not what the Germans call an "epoch-making" or a "path-breaking" work, but it is nevertheless thoroughly original, both in its motives and treatment; and coming, as it does, from a composer twenty years younger than Wagner, it proves that those prophets of the future who sung dirges over the grave of pure instrumental music were too hasty. The Symphony has life in it yet, and only requires the touch of a master to show that genius is still able to express its conceptions through forms which sufficed for Beethoven.

As to the performance of this work, the orchestra was of fair size, — eight first and eight second violins, five violas, five cellos, three double-basses, and the usual wind instruments, — but had to be made up in part of young and inexperienced players; and the number of rehearsals was limited by lack of funds, so that one must not think of applying the tests of excellence which we apply to orchestras of mature artists, who play together continually under the same leader. But though various crudities and roughnesses were perceptible, the horns being especially uncertain, the performance as a whole was very spirited, and good enough to enable us to keep our attention fixed on the work itself, and to make it thoroughly interesting and delightful. We owe cordial gratitude to the Musical Society, and to its able conductor, for this performance. The rest of the programme does not require lengthy mention. The solo performances were not remarkable either for merit or demerit; the male chorus was well sung, as was also the chorus from *Rienzi*, a chorus simple enough in form to be by anybody else than Wagner; it is really charming in its motives and instrumentation, and even in its perpetual modulations, so characteristic of its author.

I approach the topic of the Marie Roze concert, which comes next in order, with some diffidence. Is it not presumption, even damnable heresy, to find fault with a great "prima donna assoluta," the only legitimate successor of Parepa"? And yet, if I must confess the honest truth, I not only was not inspired by this renowned lady's singing; I was even dissatisfied and displeased by it. She sang a grand Aria from *Il Trovatore*, she tore a passion to tatters, she worked her *tremolo* stop (Italian "wobble"), and I forgave her; for though I felt even more strongly than ever before that the music was all rubbish, I recognized the fact that, if she *must* sing and act this stuff, she must needs be melodramatic and sensational. But she also sang a song in English, "It was a dream," by Cowen, and kept on her tremolo all the same. I doubted here, but smothered my doubts because of the semi-pathetic character of the song. But when she sang "Conin' thro' the rye," and "wobbled" through this also, I gave her up. Deliver us from prima donnas who can't sing a single plain straightforward tone in a simple ballad! The programme had this merit, it was a very consistent whole, — not one really noble or fine thing in it, though most of it was better than the aforesaid grand Aria. Mme. Roze was very well supported; but I confess to enjoying Brignoli more than all the rest put together. I hope this doesn't do injustice to Mr. Carleton, Mr. Kaiser, or Mr. Pease, whose performances, as such, were certainly creditable; but nothing but the highest virtuosity can redeem a programme of inferior, uninspiring music, and prevent it from being tedious.

Virtuosity we had in Wilhelmj's concert, the last one I have to mention, and plenty of it; unfortunately we had also a programme the chief aim of which was the display of virtuosity. But somehow the general tone was higher, and despite the fact that there was little real music played or sung, one could not help being not only interested but enthusiastic. Your readers need no estimate or eulogy of Wilhelmj's playing from me; those who have heard him will believe that in him the highest point of technical excellence has been reached. Pity that we could not have heard him play the Beethoven Concerto instead of Paganini's. Next to him, Mme. Carreno interested and pleased us; but she also had no music to play which could show whether she is a great artist or only a skillful executant. More's the pity. Why must artists leave all the good music out when they give us a chance to hear them but once? I am firmly convinced that the inferior programmes do not satisfy even the general public as well as the best music would. And however much a virtuoso may rejoice in the consciousness of ability to overcome difficulties, surely every real artist must feel that mere ability to play a violin or piano, considered as an end, is no more worthy of respect than ability to walk a rope stretched over Niagara. It is the end to which technical attainment is a means, the interpretation of the noblest productions of human genius, which makes a violinist higher and better than a tight-rope performer. Will artists ever learn to appeal to what is *best* in their audiences?

J. C. F.

